



The FOX and GRAPES.

REYNARD by fraud and rapine fed,
The hen-roosts and the lambkins dread;
Sated with slaughter, now grown nice,
A vine with clusters laden spies;
The fruit to warmest beams display'd,
In horizontal lines were laid.

Beauty

Beauty has charms : B
We sigh for what we ca
Six feet above the grou
The wall supports the p
Beyond thy reach, amb
Whose cunning far exc
He longs, and thrice w
Leaps at the Grapes, b
Now tir'd, the disappo
Tho' sorely vex'd, th

- A plague, says he
- They'd kill one
- I wou'd n't have
- I jump'd but fo

MO

*Who have, by fortune
Preferment or a mistress
Wisely dissemble the mis
And what they cannot*

o

L